(Copyright, 1911, by Boldse-Merrill Co

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter limit of surprise to the weares. Lightnut dons the pajama and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and falling to recognite Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant cray. Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy.

CHAPTER IV-(Continued).

By Jove, I had my own opinion about that! I knew he must have seen one before; but I just went on questioning, to gain time, you know, and wondering all the while how I should ever be able to break the truth to the poor fellow.

"Tell me again what he was like," I said. "How did you know he was a Chinaman?"

"Why, by his long black pigtali, air, and his enery color. But I never saw no Chinaman as ugly as this one -no sir. Oh, he was just too awfui horrid to look at, sir. His forehead sloped away back, or maybe the front part of his head being all shaved made it look that way. And the skin about his eyes was painted white with red streaks shooting around like rays of light."

"No beard or mustache, I suppose? I suggested, feeling my own smoothshaven face. Jenkins' reply was a surprise:

Yes, sir; there were long black kind of rat talls that dropped down from the sides of his mouth. then his neck-ugh-all thick with woolly hair."

"Oh, it was, eh?" I said drily, thinking of the long red stripe that my collar concealed. "I suppose you felt this, eh, when you jumped at his throat?

Jenkins rubbed his chin with a purnled air.

Why, that's uncommon queer, sir; but now that you remind me, I do re-member that his neck felt perfectly smooth-and it wasn't so hig, either. Why I should say it felt just about like yours would, sir.

I eyed him ruefully.
"By Jove, I don't doubt it a min I commented with some disgust.

Well, go on with your yarn. were telling, when I interrupted, about rushing into my bedroom.

"Yes, sir," he resumed with animation. "And when I didn't find you, I was just frantic, for I didn't know you had gone out, sir-never thought of that: I went for the ugly monster with the big pistol there in the cabinet-which, by the way, sir, the low down villain stole when he locked me

and lit out." I had an inspiration.

"I see," I broke in carelessly; "and then you demanded to know where I was-that it? Then you backed him to that window, and he told you he had chucked me into the streetwhereupon you tried to blow off his head and knocked the jolly daylights out of the lady with the fencing foll. Jenkins, his mouth agape, viewed

me with distended eyes.

"I didn't tell you that, sir," he fal-

"And when you dropped the weap on," I went on, "this chap collaged it, jabbed the beastly thing into you, and told you to look at him And by Jove you wouldn't!"

Jenkins groated slightly. apologetic cough with which he strove to mantle the sound was dry and aptritions

"No, sir; it seemed ensior to dis he muttered-"what with him grinning like a fiend and his long teeth a sticking out over his itp-Then he added wonderingly But what gets me is how you should know, str.

I looked at him gravely,

"Jenkins," I said gently, "I know, ecause it so happens I was here all the time.

His eyes buiged incredulously

"You sir? You mean in this room?" I nodded slowly. "I mean right in room-1 was a witness of whole thing.

Jenkins just gulped. I motioned to a chair.

You may sit down, Jenkins, my poor fellow." I said compassionately.
I poured out some whisky and gave it to him.

"You must brace yourself for a "what it meant. The "kid" that Bill-great shock, my poor Jenkins," I said thes referred to wasn't a kid brother soothingly. And then I thought I had at I. but a kid aister—girl, by Jove! best harry on, for I could tell by the

of his lips that probably I was just in time to head off another attack.

And then I told him all.
"And here," I concluded, "are the marks of your fingers under my col-lar, and the pistol is on top of the

Jenkins just eat there, kind of hud-dled up, you know, and his face as white as the what-you-call-it snow. Didn't seem able to say a word. By love, it was too much for me; my heart fust went out to him.

"It's all right, Jenkins," I said kind ty, and I patted his knee. "Doesn't make a jolly bit of difference to me, personally. Just told you because I thought you ought to know. You just go right along and continue your dutles, so far as I am concerned."

Jenkins' hand slipped along his

and ventured to touch mine y. He rose heavily. timidly.

"Mr. Lightnut, sir," he said huskily "If you're not going to need me very much, could I be excused for a while tonight?"

"By Jove, yes, Jenkins! Go out and enjoy the evening; it will do you good Stay as long as you like, dash it! You know I dine tonight at the club Go to a roof garden and get some fresh air."

A tees of the head broke Jenkins calm; his flat struck his palm.

"It ain't that, sir," he exclaimed, "I don't want no fresh sir, but I do want fresh resolution and a fresh start. I'm going to find him." "Him!" I was startled. Dash me, I

half thought be meant the Chinaman. "Him, sir; that temperance lectur-I'm going to get out paper against that old enemy there!" And he shook his fist at the whisky

CHAPTER V.

The Girl From Radoliffe. "Long distance call from Mr. Billings, sir," said Jenkins, lifting the recelver

By Jove, he had just caught me as was about to leave.

decanter

"Hello! That you, Lightnut?" came his voice "Say, old chap, you remember you said you wouldn't mind putting up the kid overnight on the way home from college. Remember? Wants to rest over and come up the river on the day line."

Yes, I remembered, and said so. "All right, then! it's tonight. Be there about nine from Boston. Don't go to any trouble, now, nor alter any plans. The kid will probably be dead tired and off to bed before you get home from your dinner. That's all right, old chap; Jenkins

will look after the young one."
I heard Billings chuckle—I remem

bered that chuckle afterward. Not much of the young one there Eighteen, you know. Never off to school though, until last year—and by George, it was time! Between my George, it was time! mother and my sister the kid was be ing absolutely ruined-petted, molycoddied, and was getting soft and sillych, something to make you sick. Well, so much obliged, Dicky. You know what these hotels are. Good-by.

I explained to Jenkins. "All right, sir," he said. "I won't go out until after nine. It'il he time enough." And so I went off. I returned early,

about ten, and sat reading. Jenkins was still away, and the door of my guest room was open. "Good evening!

The voice behind me was soft, musical, delicious

I whirled about, and there, within the door, leaning against the frame, was the most beautiful creature I ever saw in all my life.

A giri! But oh, by Jove, such a



Grinning Like a Flend.

girl! A lovely, rosy blonde, dash it! Golden-haired angel-long, droopy kind of inches, don't you know-eye like dreamy sapphire seas ob, that sort of thing-a proch!

The leap that brought me to my leet sent my chair thudding back-

ward "Why-er-good evening," I managed to stammer. Just managed, you know, for, give you my word, I never was so bowled over in my never! And on the instant I guessed what it meant. The "ktd" that Bill-

way his eyes rolled and the blue color her perfect little teeth as her lips "If not, may I talk parted to a smile. to you a while!"

I mumbled something designed to be pleasant-dash me if I know what -and managed to summon sense enough to lift toward her a wicker arm-chair. Then I dashed into my bedroom to chuck the smoking jacket and get into a coat. And all the while I was thinking harder than I ever had thought it possible.

Just the thing to have expected of an ass like Billings—a fellow with no sense of the proprieties! His kind of mind had never got any further than the fact that I had a guest-room and a quiet apartment. The further fact that it was in a bachelor apartment house and I a bachelor-and not yet out of my twenties, dash it-would never have presented itself to a chump like Billings as having any bearing on the matter

"Of course, I must get right over to the club and leave her in possessi it's the only thing left to do." This was my thought as I slipped into my This coat and gave my hair a touch-just a touch, don't you know. The thing to do was to earry it off as naturally as possible for a few minutes, and then slip away. Probably she hadn't counted upon my being in town at all -- had taken it for granted it was some sort of family apartment-with housekeeper, servant malds, all that sort of thing.

"Now, just a few minutes of con versation to put her at her ease," reflected, "and then I'm off. I'il get the janitor's wife to come up and stay near her."

And I dashed back, murmuring some jolly rubbish of apology. And then I just brought up speechless-almost fell over backward. For as she stood there under the light, I saw that what I had taken for a dress of black silk was not a dress at all, but a suit of pajamas-black, filtny pajamas, whose loose elegance concealed but could not wholly deny the goddess-like figure within.

'I'd have known you anywhere, Mr. And then I found that we Lightnut." were shaking hands, my fingers crushed in a grasp I never could have thought possible from that tiny hand. "From hearing Jack talk, your name a sort of household word in the Billings family."

I mumbled something jolly idioticsome acknowledgment. But I was pink about the ears, and I knew it, while she was cool and serene as a lily of the what-you-call-it, don't you know. I was trying not to see the pajamas, trying to pretend not to no tice them, but dashed if I didn't only make it worse!

For she looked down at herself with laugh-rather a laugh-rather an embarrassed laugh, I thought; and her little shrug and glance directed attention to her

"I see you're looking at the pajamas," she said smiling.

And her eyes tooked at me through those drooping lashes—oh, such a

"Oh, no-I assure-certainly not," I stammered hastily. Dash it, I never was so rebuked and mortified in all my life. What an ass I had been to seem to notice at all!

She looked troubled. "Say, do you mind my wearing them?" she inquired. Certainly not-well, I should say not!" I retorted, almost with indignation

"Sure?" By Jove, what ripping eyes she had!

'Of course not!" emphatically Her sunny head nodded satisfac-ion. "That's all right, then I was afraid you wouldn't like it-afraid you would think I was acting a little free. But your man Jenkins—isn't that his name?—said he thought you would like for me to wear them."

I gasped. Jen-what's that?" I was amazed indignant at Jenkins' effrontery. "He -he suggested that you wear-er-She nodded, her glorious eyes shin-

ing wistfully. You see, I went to a frat dance last night in Cambridge," she explained; "and in the burry this morning, somehow, one of my bags-a sult-case was left behind. And when I got here onight and began piling the things

out of my other bag-well, I saw I was up a tree. Not a thing to slip you know-not so much all a dressing gown or even a bathrobe. Then your man saved my life-suggested these pajamas. See ?" "Oh, I see!

I said so; but, dash it, I wasn't surs I did, for I knew so devilish little about girls.

"I must cut along now." I thought; 'Infernal shame to be taking advan-tage of her this way!" And then i thought I would just wait a wee minlonger.

Just then she turned toward me. her elbow on the arm of the wicker chair, her dainty, manicured finger tips supporting her chin.

Mr. Lightput, I wasn't sure you would remember me at all "I was such a kid when

you saw me last."
"Ob, yes." I said, trying to recall the rather hoydenish children I had nome five years before. "I remember you were quite a little girl-we: 10't soup that tasted just like spring wa "Are you busy?" I saw the firsh of your"

I thought her face darkened a th tle; then her smile flushed through, like sunshine through a cloud. Her laugh came on top, like the mellow ripple of a tiny brook-that sort of thing-oh, you know!

"Oh, I say new, Mr. Lightnut, cut out the Josh," she remonstrated; and I thought she grew a little red more for mine those sissy, girlle ways -I've got well over all of that!

She tossed one knee over the other and threw herself back in the chair. She seemed a little piqued. She went on

"I just tell you what-there's nothing like a couple of years off at colloge for toughening you! Gets all those mamma's baby ways out of you, you bet your life, and all the shushiness you get from trying to be like your sisters. Shucks!"

I caught my breath. Of course, she idea how it sounded-this sort of talk; it was just her innocent frankness, her-what d'ye call it?her tugenuqueness-dash it!

She continued musingly: "Gee, but was soft when I first went away-a



"I Was Such a Kid When You Saw Mr. Last."

regular ple-faced angel-child!" Her voice had in it a sneer, then she straightened up, whirled her chair tacing me, and gave me a sounding slap on the knee. "Say, maybe the fellows I met didn't educate that out of me mighty quick! Well, I reckon And she nodded, eying me sideyes!" wise, her pretty chin in the air.

But, dash me, I was so aghast I couldn't get out a word. Just sat there botting at her and turning hot and cold by turns. Came devilish near losing consciousness, by Jove, that's what!

Of course, I knew she didn't know what she was talking about. Hadn't any sisters myself, don't you know, and never had learned much about other fellows' sisters; but, dash it, knew something about faces, and would have staked my life on her You can nearly always tell, you know But, anyhow, I thought I had better

I got up. "I say, you want to just make yourself at home," I said. "And If you don't mind, I'll see you at the

boat in the morning." She stood up, too, looking rather surprised. "You're not going away?" "Oh, no; not out of town." I thought

that was what she meant. I added: "And as I go out, I'll stop down-stairs and have some one come up and stay with you.

She dropped to the arm of the chair,

her pretty face showing dismay.
"Oh, but see here! Fm running you off-I know I am. Say Mr. Lightnut, I don't want to do that. I thought sure you were going to be here. Broth or insisted you would be. Brother! Nice brother.

Nice brother, indeed, for

her-poor little thing!
"Oh, you'll be all right," I said reassuringly. I'm just going over to the club, don't you know-not far

She came right up to me and placed a hand on each shoulder.

"Honest Injun, now," she said-and er smile was ravishing "Honeur now, Mr. Lightnut, you're going just because I'm here. Say now, own up! And, dash it, there was nothing to do but admit it

Girls Make Trouble for Police. A mutiny of a serious character oc curred recently at a female refer-Three majory in northern France. hundred girls, when attempts were made to restore order, took refuge in the dormitories and corridors, smashing everything they could lay hands The police were sent for, and show they arrived the girls took off their sahots and used them as wea pons to keep the officers at a distance. Further assistance had to assummoned, and it was only after thirty-five of the girls had been ar rested that peace was restored.

Need Original Thinkers

We want today men and women to think for themselves; working men have been too apt to accept thoughts of others.-Exchange.

Very Weak

Sucon-This paper says there is a spring in Nevada whose waters taste

like chicken somp Egbert-Welt, I've often had chicken ter.

Ought to Be Satisfied.

Aunt Beulah's besetting sin was housecleaning. She cleaned in season and out of season, causing the family much worry when brought on an attack of lumbago or carrying out ashes gave her the grip. One day her patient sister protested. "Why don't you let the maid do those things?" she asked.

"She's so careless," groaned Aunt Beulah; "I'd rather have the pain than the dust. I'd rather have the pain."

Then the Smart Little Boy jumped into the conversation. "Well, you've got the pain," he remarked, "what are you kicking about?"

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Bemedy, No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly, Try It for Red, Weak, Watery Eyee and Granulated Eyelds. Hinstrated Book in each Fackage. Murine is compounded by one foundata—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physimans Fractice for many yours. Now dedicated to the Public and solid by Druggists as 20 and 60 per Bottle. Murine Bye Balve in Asspite Tubes, we and 60s. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chloage

In the Dark.

"Has that boy of yours who graduated from college last year found a job that suits him yet?" "Nope. He's still looking for one."

"Where's he looking?" "Well, I don't just know. He seems to do most of his looking nighta."

Lumbago, Rheumatism and Chilbiains There is nothing that gives so quick benefit as Hunt's Lightning Oil. The very minute it is rubbed on the im-provement is noticed. For over thirty years this Liniment has been acknowledged to be the best for these troubles. druggist will recommend it. Price 25c and 50c per Bottle.

Takes a Week.

"I thought your daughter was com-ing home from the beach this week." "We had to let her remain another week in order to finish saying goodby to a young man."

A kitten is almost as frisky and

The hot air treatment for financial fils is seldom a curative.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for LEWIS' Single Binder cigar, 5c

The more promises a man makes the more he doesn't keep.

ARE YOU POORLY

Poor health and a general run-down condia; tion is the outcome of a spell of stomach trouble;

but listen-

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is just the medicine you need. It aids digestion, keeps the bowels open and induces perfect health. Try a bottle today.

A QUARTER CENTURY BEFORE THE PUBLIC Over Five Million Free Sample

Given Away Each Year. The Constant and Increasing Sales From Samples Proves the Cenuine Merit of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.



Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, the anticepti wiler for the feet. trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes? Many people wear shoes a size smaller by shaking shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Rase into them. If you have tired, swotlen, hot, tenderfeet, Allan's Poot-Ease gives instant railof. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold overywhere, 15 cts. Pe not scrept any substitute.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders,

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.



HAROLD SOMERS, 150 Deliath Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED "U. of the distributed," is what our special write no. We need you use receif; if you can be fill it what is thank. Over he million people need to be not write no for agency if any one he halling EAMPHENE, in your visiting, for we went only one agent it was community. Send posts iffer free proposition to 0. C ROWERS, Deak B, OKLAHOMS ONLY OKLA.